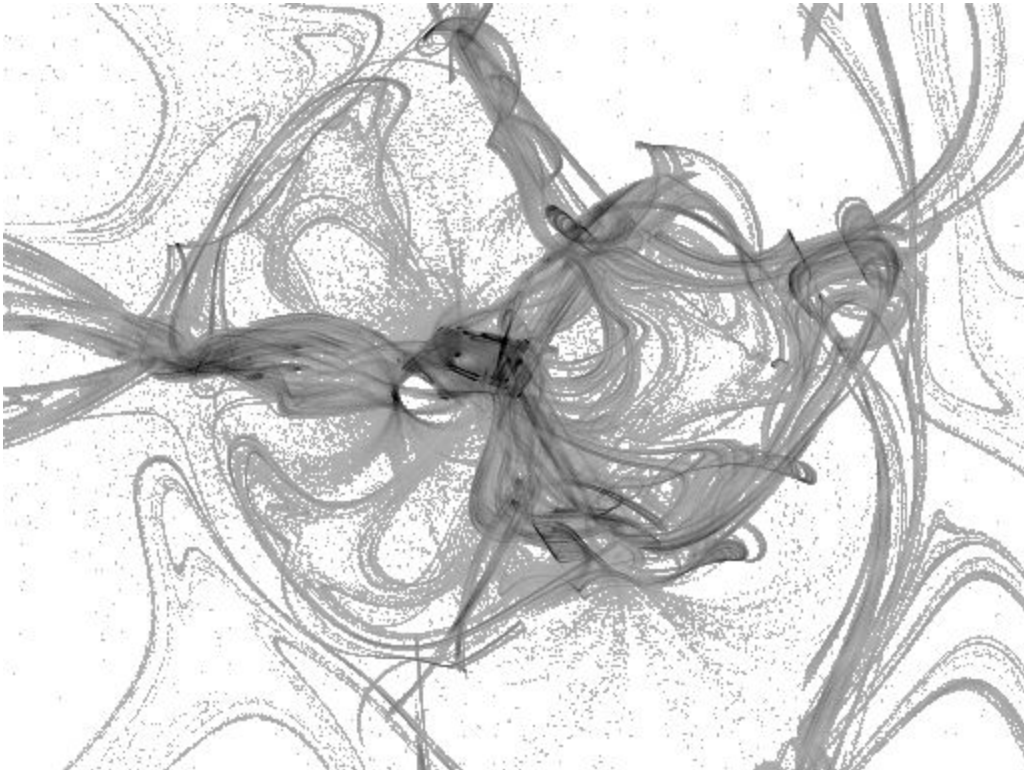


e song

by

jesse glass



xPress(ed)

e song by Jesse Glass

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Dedicated to Maya, Yoichi, and Tennessee Glass: three people who give me
new reasons to hope by the minute, hour, day and year.

Contribute

I have been true of voice
I am your phantom limb

movement & itching
scar in hypothalamus

directionless pain as I spin
metaphysical wheels of trophy-like

Weeping

rotor cup stuck on a brass hook
1957 dimestore radiometers prompt cheap

American artform prosthetic deism
where the whole body surface

is archived; arm pressed
between matching salutes, a few diddling

lines drying on the public tongue
end over end

in memoriam, a slo-mo stage
in Disney hit single, though jungles

warmer than bridal bouquets
clenched its embrace of blue (blue)

bottles.

Arrived "all systems Saigon"
on half an excess wafer,

scratching in popular bedsteads

tripping the hurdles. Claw
the king's right eye out "all over this land"
decide to fuck off baseball cherry

fell on my side rubbing leg hooks
over chitin parabolas. dressed
in Zaum Zoro all night
surgeons deftly fashioned

zany glo-bars

videohouse porkfests

a sort of christian pincers, separating long fore-

arm bones & repeatedly grafting hell to heaven:
We approve my

route 66 to recovery, awkward
at first bludgeoning but can now manipulate

significant

rituals of Our Culture
to indifferent applause:

salted

national prostheses,

veiled with one finger

(touched with one finger)

that finger shot away.

Only Utter These Words As You Stand Before Judgment In The Final Days

a.

explosive device encrusted
in left thigh lodged against
the femur where it inexplicably
failed*****detonate

maggot on a treadmill
hornet lashed to plough

after intense questioning
how to secure the peace
of my child?

Stiffen, relax,
grow, shrivel, change
color with dazzling versatility

cry out? groan? jump
like a colt when cut?
industrial attraction
reserved for the elect

this delicate, ancient
cranium
left its own
language legacy...

b.

cryptograms & fresh air

pumped down to her through a small tube
a hollow space a few centimeters larger
than her body
had been carved into the TEXT

loss o'life regretted

the code freely mixes upperclass & lowerclass
peoples,
a treacly message

littered with what appeared to be

typographical errors

c.

we decrypt a few words
for your enjoyment

"feeling touched up?"
rebuild a living Pincer
grain by grain in OUR PRESENCE

insert

(S

/

N

G

/

N

G)

key into clock
the overpowering
stench of butchered weather

under algol insert

(S

/

N

G

/

N

G)

man w/bloody neck into
little virgin into
tumbling man
w/dulcimer

into crippled
raven insert

(S

/

N

G

/

N

G)

mummy in full sunlight into

flying man
into quarter moon into
mumblehead into
mountain fossil

(A FORM I INVENTED
ONLY TO DISCREDIT

IT)

under the Goat's
incredible machine
insert

(S
/
N
G
/
N
G
/
N
G)

horse into wolf into
whirling man into
hen into solar
wheels into

smoke
4X into
smoke 7X into
lens into lens
into extra lens insert

(S
/
N
G
/
N
G)

music as creature
into 7-fold meat gnasher
into paper mask struck thru into

process into
portmanteau

(A MOMENTARY LAPSE
OF MY ATTENTION)

insert anecdote

(S
P
E
A
K
/
N
G)

(Digging in the garden we found a pair
of beautiful hands, the smaller clamped within

the larger, & later
we pulled from the riverbed a doll's face
from whose hollow eyes 2 columns
of mud had boiled up
& thickened like dendrite columns
to hold the bucking, silver sky
of the river's surface in place. Much later,
walking in the park, we saw a marble torso
someone had rolled upright among the tulips
& used for target practice. & Now the
smooth-browed, chiseled head we dislodged
with our shovels attracts the bees to its lips
& all we can do is bow to passersby
& try to find a pedestal to arrange it on.)

HEAR: "spectacle"

HEAR "open mouth"

HEAR "lived sphere of influence"

throw yr. Oboe thru a Marble Moose

watch it tumble end over end like a missile
bearing YESTERDAY'S NEWS
NOW "FUCK OFF EVERYBODY"
BURN IT ALL DOWN UP TO THE LAST SENTENCE

d.

blak box

takn 2b shakn

watz inzide????

hol r

sol

thiz luvnhayt

biznz'll

blast yr.

gob

inna

jag,.,.,

c

thin girlz

makin

be,uty

on

th' stairz

unner

a

canopy o

he,ven

moveuzall kyotic

wayz

ne,r

th lizzrd

skint

river

o'flintz

war

pithykanthro,zus

onct

strok th'

hand-ax n zo

invent'd

gawd,.,.,

"she kloz'd

"her legs

"onna tatoo'd

"hand

"pressin'

"ta open

"h,r wom'

"like a bok

"o aztek

"secrts

"on th, pges

"shadoz o

"wingz

"liftd n end-o-time

"attak &
"deepr yt.
"blod welz
"ta blot thoz
"pges
out,,,,"
rumorz
o
raw
end,nz
ce
but
izit
trooth's
wat ur affr h,re?
no UFOz
hoverin'
mid-horiz,n
for us ta stepabord
ta parad,ce,
butta gost
inna masheen....(???)

naw
jackbootz,
z all wn finz
iznit--
wantin'
ta bust
headz
iz all th'
fu,kn
rayj
wantin'
ta mak
us do
wat it
wanz
faktureez
turnt
pimps
o' th glanz
iz all,,,
wer
zo glum
bastrds at th
mylennyum boyz
blak box
takn 2b shakn
watz inside????
hol r
sol
thiz
biznz'll fu,kin

blast yr.
gob
inna
jag.

e song

(for marton koppany)

b_{rave}

T_{xt}

i_{nvites}

a_n **e**_{ye}

t_o

thread

Our luminous fracture

long into

One

raptus

E

for MOTHERS tell CHILDREN stories
to PUT THEM TO SLEEP
& it is from these STORIES
we learn EXACTLY
WHAT we KNOW

to become aware
of the categories

self-generated sphere
of total freedom

keep the wheel
of the world
in motion

by circular movements
of the body

experience
your own
experience *

safe newspaper
clipping blade

remember to be
concerned with the emotion
of one moment

fingers snapping
wildly in space

attempt to keep
the original
order

breathe
for an hour
on the pit
of a woman's
stomach

samples of
Female Language:

Handacadi----Physician.
Alentana----Lady.
Chlann----Glass.
Schmado----Moon.
Nohin----No.
Nochiane----Nightingale.

Bianana Fina----Many Colored Flowers.
Moy----How.
Toi----What.
Optina Poga----Thou Must Sleep.
Mo Li Arato----I Rest.

** as it turned out
that scene was faked
They had made 2 holes
& had several men pulling
a rope to make it look
like they were having a fight
with a senile woman.*

THE POET

FLYING THRONE SONG FOR THE NEW CENTURY

I cut this circle in the sand w/a dirk knife

In the circle I cut a quarter moon

In the quarter moon

I squat

w/ twist tobacco & a drum

& around the circle

I limn the eyes of e,a,g,l,e,s l,i,o,n,s m,e,n

(EYES w/in EYES w/in EYES)

& cut my fingers free of human minutes

& fill the written eyes w/ blood

so they see our way

above the clouds

I stab the desert earth & NOW

Mouths

gape & pant from the sand;

as I cut my tongue free of human sounds

& fill the written mouths w/ blood

so they hymn

our journey as we rise

fearless in body armor

steel groin cups

chrome air tanks

black goggles

& we are FLYING NOW

FLYING NOW

FLYING NOW

higher than our bones

we chew the twist tobacco as we drum

& spit the piss of angels from our mouths

& coolly we maintain our pace

stab, stabbing the emptiness

above the jeers

for what

brave boys

have we

become?

meat

on 2 split bones

EXACTLY ON TARGET

wrapped
in human
leather

EXACTLY ON TARGET

sockets
full of spiral
motion

EXACTLY ON TARGET

nostrils
gorged
w/
lunar
rivers

EXACTLY ON TARGET

rusted
wire
wrapped
round
the meat

EXACTLY ON TARGET

mouth
a-twitch
w/
beetles
tweezing
bits of
our great
history

EXACTLY ON TARGET

we shout
to a 1000
listeners
in the
dark

& we could bring a heavy death
to all

harness a hornet
to pull a
plough
place a worm

on a treadmill

& we could exact
a heavy toll
as we row

twists of tobacco
in our ears
& up our noses

we cannot hear their screams
or smell their burning

(radiance awaits us
transfigured bodies await us)

TARGET IN SIGHTS,

000

REL

Ea

s

e

00

rel

ea

s

s

e

0

★

Fujian Province

Garbage sacks split open
on the plains:
Bosch beasts, lank
bellies full of rats

& a dead bull ejaculates
wasps in a thinking mist
where its legs buckled by an oil-scummed pond

while workers
hunker cutting torches
forcing stars
to nip metal seams

until old water tanks fall apart
like rusted petals of a flower.